

to be a bit of warmth for you

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to be a bit of warmth for you

by Anonymous

Summary

For the first time in a while, there were no imminent threats to their lives, and Etho and Bdubs were able to get a good night's sleep.

Or they could try, at least.

just some good ole cuddling for warmth because i was cold lmao

Notes

i wrote this while i had no power in a snowstorm and was cold af. the power came back on right as i was writing etho getting in with bdubs so i got under my heated blanket, and then i warmed up and got too tired to give this a proper ending. oh well. its like method acting i guess

- this is set vaguely in early last life but it could be anywhere really.
- title is from boreas by the oh hellos
- could be platonic or romantic its up to you
- if i have to keep tagging their real names i'm going to start killing.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The night was calm and quiet. The only sounds were the soft singing of insects in the grass, and distant animal calls. Stars shone brightly overhead, with not a cloud in the sky. For the first time in a while, there were no imminent threats to their lives, and Etho and Bdubs were able to get a good night's sleep.

Or they could try, at least. Bdubs appeared to be sleeping soundly, a slight smile on his face. Etho, however, was tossing and turning restlessly. The scratchy wool blanket he was curled up under wasn't nearly enough to keep out the chilly night air, and he'd quickly lost feeling in his fingers and toes.

He curled up even smaller, trying to wrap the blanket around himself so there were no gaps for the cold breeze to worm its way in, and tucked his fingers under his arms in hopes that his body heat would thaw them. Minutes passed, and an icy wind stirred up, numbing his face and blowing his hair around. He started to shiver violently, the dew underneath him feeling like ice as it seeped through his clothes to burn his skin.

Huffing in frustration, he rolled over to face away from the wind, and tried to reposition his blanket to cover him again.

"Would you *be quiet*," Bdubs hissed. "Some of us are trying to sleep."

Etho rolled his eyes in the dark. Bdubs was always so cranky if he got woken up.

"Sorry," he mumbled in reply, his half-frozen tongue clumsy in his mouth. "Can't sleep."

"Too cold?" Bdubs asked, and Etho nodded before remembering that it was dark and Bdubs likely had his eyes closed anyways.

"Yeah," he whispered, embarrassed at the way his voice wavered as his whole body shook.

There was a moment of quiet and Etho could almost hear Bdubs thinking. A particularly cruel gust of wind whipped his exposed face and he grimaced.

"C'mere," Bdubs beckoned.

Etho startled. What did Bdubs want from him? His cheeks flushed. From the cold, of course. Nothing else.

"W-what?" he stammered out after an awkward pause.

Etho could feel exasperation dripping from Bdubs' reply. "To warm up, you idiot. I'm warmer than you, and I have more blankets. Get over here."

Ah. Bdubs always did run hot, while Etho was usually the one with cold hands bundled up in a jacket. And he'd been smart enough to bring more than just the one thin blanket off his bed.

He uncurled with a groan as his stiff muscles protested their use, and grabbed his blanket before awkwardly crawling over to where Bdubs had set up his blankets.

His hands found the edges of the soft material first, and Bdubs lifted the blankets so he could slip underneath. There was some clumsy positioning of limbs, then Etho felt arms wrap around his stomach and pull him back so he was tucked against Bdubs' chest. He flushed bright red, grateful for the dark, and focused on adjusting the blankets.

Bdubs radiated warmth like a heater, even through his thick hoodie. They were under a small pile of thick blankets and furs, which trapped the heat even more. Slowly, Etho began to warm up.

Then, because Etho wasn't blushing enough yet, Bdubs grabbed his freezing hands and started to gently massage feeling back into them. Etho melted, and let out a contented sigh.

"Better?" Bdubs asked with a laugh.

"Mhm." Etho flexed his fingers lazily, thoroughly enjoying the warmth and far too tired to be self-conscious about it. Bdubs really was an unfairly good cuddler.

"Good. Now let me get some sleep."

Etho snorted and closed his eyes. The icy wind still blew hard, rustling leaves above their heads, but it was just background noise to him now. The night was dark and cold, but he was comfortable and safe, at least until morning.

"And you get your cold feet off of my legs, Etho."

End Notes

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